THE ONTARIO READERS

SECOND BOOK

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Toronto, May, 1909.

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God Save the King

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God Save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

SECOND READER

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL

One cold night, as an Arab sat in his tent, his Camel looked in.

"I pray thee, master," he said, "let me but put my head within the tent, for it is cold without."

"By all means," said the Arab; and the Camel stretched his head into the tent.

"If I might but warm my neck, also," he said, presently.

"Put your neck inside also," said the Arab. Soon the Camel said again:

"It will take but little more room if I place my fore-legs within; it is difficult standing without."

"You may do that also," said the Arab, making room.

"May I not stand wholly within?" asked the Camel; "I keep the tent open by standing as I do."

"Yes, yes," said the Arab. "I will have pity on you as well as on myself."

So the Camel crowded into the tent; but it was too small for both.

"I think," said the Camel, "that there is not room for both of us. It will be best for you to stand outside, as you are the smaller."

And with that he pushed the Arab, who made haste to get outside.

It is a wise rule to resist the beginnings of evil.

LOVE

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. Bourdillon

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I
can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to
the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he
likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-
rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's
none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought
to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort
of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you
can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

R. L. Stevenson

THE PAIL OF GOLD

Once upon a time there lived, in a land beyond the seas, a poor man who went each day to the forest to cut wood. He made little money at this and often wished that he could find other work to do.

One evening, as he was returning from his labour, he met a beautiful woman dressed in white.

"Good-evening," said he as he took off his cap to her.

"Good-evening," said the lady. "What has kept you so late?"

"I have been cutting wood in the forest and I have to work long hours to make even a poor living," said the man. "Mine is a hard fate."

"You would like other work with better pay?"

"Indeed I would, and I am not hard to please."

"Suppose," said the lady, "I were to fill your pail with gold, would you be satisfied?" —and she pointed to the little pail in which he carried his dinner each day.

"Indeed I would," said the surprised man.

"Look inside."

He took off the cover and found the pail full to the brim of gold coins. He was nearly overcome with the sight. Then he thought: "Oh, if it had been a big pail! The fairy could have filled it just as easily

as this small one, and then I should be rich for life."

He took off his cap again and thanked the lady for her gift.

"It is but a small pail," said he, "and though there is much money in it, I should like to run home and get a larger pail."

"As you wish," said the fairy.

Away he ran at the top of his speed to his home and soon came back again with a large bucket. This he thought would hold gold enough to last a lifetime.

But when he came to the spot where he had left the fairy, she was not there, nor was she anywhere to be seen, though the grass had a yellow tinge where she had stood. He looked anxiously into his dinner pail, but there was no gold there—just the remains of his dinner. He was poor as before, poorer and sadder.

BRETON FOLK-TALE

STRIVING not to be rich or great,
Never questioning fortune or fate,
Contented slowly to earn and wait.

A WAKE-UP SONG

Sun's up! wind's up! Wake up dearies!
Leave your coverlets white and downy.
June's come into the world this morning.
Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up,
Brownie!

Dew on the meadow-grass, waves on the
water,
Robins on the rowan tree, wondering about
you!
Don't keep the buttercups so long waiting.
Don't keep the bobolinks singing without
you.

Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks, and clover,
We've a lot to do on the first of June.

Charles G. D. Roberts

THE BAT, THE BIRDS, AND THE BEASTS

There was once a great battle between the birds and the beasts. The bat wished to be on the stronger side, but did not know which army to join. At first the beasts appeared

to have the best of it. Then the bat flew to them and offered to help.

"But you are a bird!" said the beasts.

"Has a bird hair on its body and teeth in its mouth?" replied the bat.

Then the battle began to be in favour of the birds, and the bat soon flew over to that side.

"What beast is this?" said the birds.

"I am not a beast," said the bat. "Has a beast wings?"

But the birds had seen him coming over from the beasts, and would not allow him to join them. He went back to the beasts but they knew he had deserted them, and they would have killed him had he not flown away.

It is said that, ever since, the bat has been ashamed to show himself in daylight, and that he comes out only in the dark when the birds and beasts are asleep.

He who is neither the one thing nor the other has no friends.

ÆSOP

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

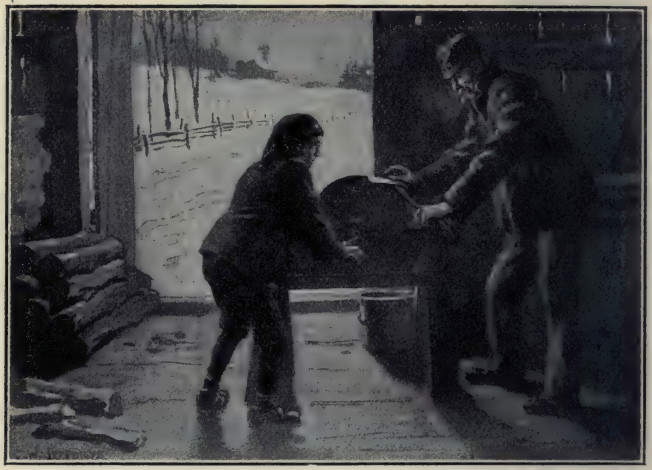
I see the others far away
As if in fire-lit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

R. L. STEVENSON

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

POPE



HOW I TURNED THE GRINDSTONE

One cold winter morning, when I was a little boy, I met, on my way to school, a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said the man. "Will you let me grind my axe on it?"

It pleased me very much to be called a fine little fellow; so I said: "Oh, yes, sir; it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my little man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot water?"

Now, how could I refuse? He was such a smiling, pleasant man! As fast as I could I ran into the house, and brought him a whole kettleful.

"How old are you? And what's your name?" he asked. But, before I could answer, he went on: "You are one of the finest lads I ever saw; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with his praise, like a little fool, I went to work. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged and turned till I was tired enough to drop.

The school bell rang, but I could not get away; it rang again, and there I was still, turning away at the grindstone. My hands were blistered and my shoulders ached.

At last the axe was ground. What a sharp, keen edge it had!

Then I looked up, expecting thanks. But the man suddenly turned toward me with a frown, and said: "You little rascal, you have played truant! Be off, now; scud away to school, or you'll catch it!"

It was hard enough to turn a heavy grindstone so long, and on such a cold day; but to be called a "little rascal" for doing it was too much. These harsh words sank deep into my boyish mind, and often have I thought of them since.

Boys and girls, whenever you meet a flatterer, beware of him. You may be pretty sure that he has "an axe to grind," and wants you to turn the grindstone.

FRANKLIN

BABY SEED SONG

LITTLE brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—

"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress
you—
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-bye.

E. Nesbit

OBSERVATION

An Indian, upon returning to his wigwam, found that his venison had been stolen. After taking notice of the marks about the place, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods.

Meeting with some persons on the way he inquired if they had seen a little, old, white man with a short gun and accompanied by

a small dog with a bobtail. They said that they had.

"Then you know him?" said they.

"I have never seen him, nor even heard of him," said the Indian.

"How then can you describe him so minutely?"

"The thief, I know, is a little man, by his having heaped up a pile of wood to stand upon, in order to reach the venison which I had hung up in my wigwam while standing on the ground. That he is an old man, I know by his short steps which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods. I know that he is a white man because he turns out his toes when he walks. This an Indian never does.

"His gun is short, I conclude, because of the mark made by the muzzle on the bark of a tree against which it had leaned.

"His dog is small, I know by his track; and that he has a bobtail is clear from the mark in the dust where he was sitting while his master was stealing my venison."

THE LAND OF NOD

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see.
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

R. L. Stevenson

Good-night, little friends, good-night.
Sleep sweet till morning light,
And wake to meet the coming day
With love and laughter and with play.

ECHO

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, the people who lived on this beautiful earth told strange stories to one another, and believed curious things.

One story which they loved to tell was about the beautiful nymph called Echo.

These people thought that in all the woods and streams, and hills and hollows, lived fair creatures who shared the life of the brooks and trees. They called these creatures nymphs.

These nymphs were beautiful creatures, who loved blossoming flowers and singing brooks. The fairest of them all was Echo, and hers was the sweetest voice.

One day Echo displeased Queen Juno. Now, you must know, Juno had wonderful power. She could change a nymph to a stone, or a fountain, or a breeze. And she said to Echo:

"You may keep your sweet voice, if you like, but you shall have nothing else. And

you shall never speak first. You can only answer when others speak to you."

Poor Echo! She became thin and pale, and thinner and paler, until at last Queen Juno's words became true. Only her voice was left.

She wandered from place to place in the woods, unseen, and heard only when others spoke.

On a quiet evening you may hear her, if you walk near some high rock where she loves to hide. Call to her and she will answer.

"Where are you?" you may ask.

"Where are you?" she will reply.

"Are you Echo?"

"Echo!" she answers.

"Come to me!" you cry.

"Come to me!" she replies.

"I like you," you say to her.

"I like you," Echo repeats.

Now a very curious thing is true: Echo always answers in the same tone in which

you speak to her. If you sing, she sings back to you. If you shout, she shouts to you again. If you cry, she cries, too. If you are cross and ill-natured, she will be cross and ill-natured, too.

Two boys once went into the woods to find Echo. They could not hear her voice, although they called and called. At last one of them cried impatiently: "You are a mean old cheat!"

Quick as thought came back the cross reply:

"You are a mean old cheat!" The other boy cried quickly: "He didn't mean that." The same tone came back in Echo's reply: "He didn't mean that."

When the boys told their mother what had happened, she smiled and said: "That happens the world over. Gentle words will bring forth gentle words, and harsh tones will be echoed by harsh tones."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet?"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet—
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bed-room,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Grandma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. BUNNER

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

In a very pretty village, far away, there once lived a nice little girl. She was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her very much, and her grandmother said that she was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart.

To show her love for the child, this good old dame had made her a little red hood,

and after a time the little girl was known as Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother baked some cakes and made some fresh butter. "Go," she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for she is ill in bed."

Little Red Riding Hood was a willing child, and liked to be useful; and, besides, she loved her grandmother dearly.

So she put the things in a basket, and at once set out for the village, on the other side of the wood, where her grandmother lived.

Just as she came to the edge of the wood, Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf, who said to her: "Good-morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

He would have liked to eat her on the spot; but some woodmen were at work near by, and he feared they might kill him.

"Good-morning, Master Wolf," said the little girl, who had no thought of fear.

"And where are you going?" said he.

"I am going to my grandmother's," said Little Red Riding Hood, "to take her a cake and a pot of butter; for she is ill."

"And where does poor grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

"Down past the mill on the other side of the wood," said the child.

"Well, I think that I will go and see her too," said the wolf. "So I will take this road, and do you take that, and we shall see which of us will be there first."

The wolf knew that his way was the nearer, for he could dash through the trees, and swim a pond, and so by a very short cut get to the old dame's door.

The wolf ran on as fast as he could, and was very soon at the cottage. He knocked at the door with his paw. "Thump! thump!"

"Who is there?" cried grandmother.

"It is Little Red Riding Hood. I have come to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter," said the wolf, as well as he could.

He made his voice sound like that of the little girl.

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the grandmother from her bed.

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. Without a word he sprang upon the old woman and ate her up, for he had not tasted food for three days.

Then he shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed. But first he put on her cap and night-gown.

He laughed to think of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding Hood, who must soon be there.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

She stopped to listen to the birds that sang in the trees; and she picked the sweet flowers that her grandmother liked, and made a pretty nosegay of them.

A wasp buzzed about her head, and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said; "only do not sting me." He buzzed louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird came and pecked at the cake in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty bird," said Little Red Riding Hood. "There will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweet, tweet," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said, and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame rose, and patting the little maid on the head, said: "Thank you, Little Red Riding Hood. If you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray tell him from me that there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water, so green that you would have taken it for grass. There she saw a huntsman, clad all in green who was looking at some birds.

"Good-morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood; "the water-cress

woman says there is game in the wind."

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen. Then he took an arrow and put it in his bow. "What can it mean?" thought the little girl.

Little Red Riding Hood at last came to her grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door.

"Who is there?" cried the wolf.

The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood say to herself: "Poor grandmother is very ill, she must have a bad cold."

"It is I, your Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I have come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did so, the door flew open, and she went at once into the cottage.

"Put the cake and butter on the table," said the wolf, "then come and help me to rise." He had hid his head under the bedclothes.

She took off her things and went to the bed to do as she had been told. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with, my dear," said the wolf.

He was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside sang: "Tweet! tweet!" This told the green huntsman it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

CHARLES PERRAULT

DANDELIONS

Upon a showery night
and still,
Without a sound of
warning,
A trooper band sur-
prised the hill,
And held it in the
morning.
We were not waked by
bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams
invaded,
And yet, at dawn their
yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of vet'rans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!

Helen Gray Cone

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WORDSWORTH

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sir Philip Sidney was a brave Englishman, mighty in war and gentle in peace.

He was sent over the seas by Queen Elizabeth to help those who were fighting for liberty.

At the head of two hundred soldiers he charged a thousand of the enemy. His horse was shot under him, but he mounted another and joined a second charge. A third time he led his soldiers on. A musket ball broke the bone of his leg and though he still kept on horseback, the animal took fright and bore him away from the field.

As his friends were carrying him to shelter, being thirsty with loss of blood he called for a drink. As he was putting the cup to his lips, he noticed a dying soldier who cast eager eyes upon it. Without even tasting the water, Sidney handed him the cup. "Friend," he said, "thy necessity is greater than mine."

NEARLY READY

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer: "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say.
Then she answers: "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you;
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you,—
Set you free at last."

MARY MAPES DODGE

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

The beans in the garden were ripe. The old woman had picked enough for her dinner, had made a fresh fire on the hearth and hung a pot of water over it to boil. To make the fire burn better she threw some

straw upon it. As she put the beans into the pot one of them fell upon the floor close to a straw. Just then a live coal sprang out of the fire and fell beside them.

"Now, why did you do that?" said the straw. "Keep away from us. We love warm friends, but not hot ones."

The coal replied: "I had to leap or die. I should have been ashes in a few minutes if I had remained."

"It was lucky for me," said the bean, "that I fell upon the floor. If I had been thrust into the pot with my fellows I should have been boiled."

"I was one of a great number which the old woman gathered in the field," said the straw. "If I had not escaped when she cut the band I should not now be here to tell my story."

"We must leave the house at once," said the bean, "before the old woman finds us. Is there any reason why we should not travel together and see the sights?"

The others were glad to join him and they at once set off across the country. In a

short time they came to a creek over which there was no bridge. Neither the coal nor the bean knew what to do. The straw offered to stretch himself from one bank to the other so as to form a bridge for his friends. This happy thought pleased them.

The coal stepped briskly out upon this narrow bridge, but when he came to the middle the sound of rushing water under him scared him and he halted, wondering whether to go forward or return.

It was an unfortunate halt for both coal and straw. The hot coal, at rest upon the straw, burned through it and both fell into the water and were drowned.

The bean, who had remained on the bank, laughed so heartily at what had happened that he burst his skin. This meant death to him, but just then an old lady passing by saw him. She took out her needle and thread and sewed the skin together. But the thread happened to be black, and it is said that this is the reason why some beans have a black stripe on one side.

GRIMM

THE POND

THERE was a round pond (and a pretty pond, too),
Around it white daisies and violets grew ;
And tall weeping willows that stooped to the ground
Bent down their long branches and shaded it round.

One day a young chicken that lived there about
Stood watching to see the ducks pop in and out,
Now splashing above, now diving below,—
She thought of all things, *she* should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly;
Though her mother had told her she must not
go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

"My feet, wings, and feathers for all I can see
As good as the ducks' are for swimming," said she;
"If *my* beak is pointed and *their* beaks are round,
Is that any reason why I should be drowned?"

So in the poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her mother's warnings were true,
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned
herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent;
The harder she struggled the deeper she went,
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died.

JANE TAYLOR

WHOEVER you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
Give joy wherever you dwell.

RUSKIN

THE JACKAL AND THE CAMEL

The Jackal was exceedingly fond of shell-fish, especially of river crabs. Now there came a time when he had eaten all the crabs to be found on his own side of the river. He knew there must be plenty on the other side, if he could only get to them, but he could not swim.

One day he thought of a plan. He went to his friend the Camel, and said:

"Friend Camel, I know a spot where the sugar-cane grows thick; I'll show you the way, if you will take me there."

"Indeed I will," said the Camel, who was very fond of sugar-cane. "Where is it?"

"It is on the other side of the river," said the little Jackal; "but we can manage it nicely, if you will take me on your back and swim over."

The Camel was perfectly willing, so the little Jackal jumped on his back, and the Camel swam across the river, carrying him. When they were safely over, the little Jackal jumped down and showed the Camel the sugar-cane field; then he ran swiftly along the river bank, to hunt for crabs; the Camel began to eat sugar-cane. He ate happily, and noticed nothing around him.

Now, you know, a Camel is very big, and a Jackal is very little. Consequently, the little Jackal had eaten his fill by the time the Camel had barely taken a mouthful. The little Jackal had no mind to wait for his slow friend; he wanted to be off home

again, about his business. So he ran round and round the sugar-cane field, and as he ran he sang and shouted, and made a great hullabaloo.

Of course, the villagers heard him at once.

"There is a Jackal in the sugar-cane," they said; "he will dig holes and destroy the roots; we must go down and drive him out." So they came down, with sticks and stones. When they got there, there was no Jackal to be seen; but they saw the great Camel, eating away at the juicy sugar-cane. They ran at him and beat him, and stoned him, and drove him away half dead.

When they had gone, leaving the poor Camel half killed, the little Jackal came dancing back from somewhere or other.

"I think it's time to go home, now," he said; "don't you?"

"Well, you *are* a pretty friend!" said the Camel. "The idea of your making such a noise, with your shouting and singing! You brought this upon me. What in the world

made you do it? Why did you shout and sing?"

"Oh, I don't know *why*," said the little Jackal,—"I always sing after dinner!"

"So?" said the Camel, "Ah, very well, let us go home now." He took the little Jackal kindly on his back and started into the water. When he began to swim he swam out to where the river was the very deepest. There he stopped, and said:

"Oh, Jackal!"

"Yes," said the little Jackal.

"I have the strangest feeling," said the Camel,—"I feel as if I must roll over."

"Roll over!" cried the Jackal. "My goodness, don't do that! If you do that, you'll drown me! What in the world makes you want to do such a crazy thing? Why should you want to roll over?"

"Oh, I don't know *why*," said the Camel, slowly, "but I always roll over after dinner!"

So he rolled over.

And the little Jackal was drowned, but the Camel came safely home.

SARA CONE BRYANT: "Stories to tell the Children."

A SONG FOR LITTLE MAY

Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are bending
O'er their way?
Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one,
When the rosy dawn is breaking,
When 'tis done?
Have you heard the wooing breeze
In the blossomed orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
Little May—
Bird, and bee, and water singing
On its way.
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call,
"Praise the Lord, who loveth all,
Night and day,"
Little May.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

An Ass once found a Lion's skin which the hunters had spread out in the sun to dry. He put it on and went home to the town. Men and beasts fled in all directions as he came near. What a proud ass he was that day!

In his delight at the fear caused by his appearance, he lifted up his voice and

roared, or tried to. Everyone knew at once it was but the bray of an ass. His owner came and gave him a sound flogging for the trick he had played.

"He hadn't even sense enough to keep silent," said the Fox.

Fine clothes may disguise, but silly words will reveal a fool. ÆSOP

BELLING THE CAT

THERE was once a cat who was very clever, and the mice were very much afraid of her. They tried to think of some plan by which she might not be able to surprise them.

At last one of the mice said: "Take my advice, let us tie a bell round the cat's neck. Then we shall always know when she is near."

The mice thought this was a very good idea.

But one old mouse said: "This sounds a very wise plan. But now, which of you will hang the bell on the cat?"

Alas for the plan! Not a mouse could be found brave enough to do it!

THE LITTLE LAND

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;

And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the lady bird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such thing as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,

Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armour green—
(These have sure to battle been!)
Some are pied with every hue,
Black and crimson, green and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
  Oh dear me,
  That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber on the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed.

R. L. Stevenson

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

A GENTLEMAN once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many:

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy.

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and considerate.

"He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

"He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the

table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.

"And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

"When talking to him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can know about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters of recommendation he can bring me."

THE RAINBOW

THERE are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHANGE ABOUT

THERE was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.
"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough:

"But you must milk the Tidy cow
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;
And you must mind the speckled hen
For fear she lay away;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand
And went to drive the plough:
The old man took a pail in his hand
And went to milk the cow;
But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"High! Tidy, ho! Tidy, high!
Tidy, do stand still;
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will!"
He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen
For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.
So he cried to the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
"If my wife doesn't do a day's work in my life,
She shall ne'er be ruled by me."

OLD RHYME

THE PRICE OF A SONG

IN one of the great tenement houses in Paris, a cobbler lived in the basement, and just above him, on the first floor, a very rich man. The cobbler was poor but happy. He sang all day as he made or mended shoes.

The rich man had much money, and at night he lay awake planning how to invest it so as to make more, and often wondering if it were all quite safe.

Usually it was morning when he fell asleep. But the cobbler was up at daylight

and began his work and his singing almost as soon as he could see.

This troubled the rich man, and he said to a wise friend: "What am I to do? I can't sleep at night for thinking about my money, and I can't sleep in the morning because of that cobbler's singing." Together they formed a plan.

Next day the rich man came down to the basement where the cobbler was working and singing as usual. The cobbler was glad when he saw him come in. "Now," thought he, "I shall have an order for a fine pair of boots and he will pay me well for my work."

But the rich man had another purpose in his mind. He carried a small bag in his hand. Out of it he took a purse and gave it to the cobbler, saying: "I have brought you one hundred crowns as a present."

The astonished cobbler said: "I cannot take the money, sir, I have done nothing to earn it. Why do you give it to me?"

"Because you are the happiest man I know, and the most contented."

"It is to be all mine, and you will never ask for it again?"

"Never."

"O, thank you, sir, thank you. You are so very kind."

After the rich man had gone, the delighted cobbler was about to count the money, when he saw a man in the street looking in through the window. He hastily put the purse into his pocket, went into his bed-room and poured the coins on the bed. He had never seen so much money before, and he began to be anxious as to where he should hide it for safe keeping.

The sudden coming of his wife into the room scared him so that he covered the money quickly, and scolded her for the first time in his life. He hid the purse under the pillow, and left the door open so that he could see the spot from his work bench. Then he thought that since he could see it, others might see it. He changed it to the foot of the bed. An hour later he put it under the sheets.

His wife asked what was wrong with the bed, and the irritable cobbler told her to mind her own business—as if the care of beds was not her business. He kept moving the purse from place to place growing more anxious each day. The foolish man began to suspect even his own wife. He no longer sang as he worked. His friends saw that he left his bench every hour or so.

But the rich man was happy. He slept long and soundly each morning. Day after day he rejoiced at the success of his plan.

When a week had passed, the cobbler could bear his worry no longer. He told his wife the whole story. That day he carried the purse up to the rich man's office, put it upon the desk and said: "Here is your money, sir. I cannot live without my song."

LA FONTAINE

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundred-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.

SMART

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:

"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me, 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is very plain," quoth he:
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most—
Deny the fact who can:
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

JOHN G. SAXE

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

THE hare was much liked by the other animals in the pasture.

All claimed to be her friends. One day she heard in the distance the baying of hounds. She knew that they were following her trail, but believed her friends would aid her to escape.

She ran to the horse and asked him to carry her away on his back. He excused himself as he had some work to do just then

for his owner. "I have no doubt," said he, "that your other friends will be only too glad to help you."

She went next to the bull and asked him to protect her against the hounds. "I am very sorry," said he, "but I have an engagement which I prefer not to break. Your friend the ram will consider it an honour to aid you."

She hurried to the ram and told him her story. "Not this time," said the ram. "I prefer not to take part in quarrels. Dogs, you know, sometimes kill sheep as well as hares."

As a last resort she went to the calf. "Perhaps," said the calf, "I ought to aid you, but I feel that one so young as I am ought not to undertake a task which his elders have declined, without thinking it over very carefully."

By this time the hounds were in sight, and the hare, unable to wait longer, raced off at the top of her speed and luckily escaped.

ÆSOP

ADVICE

THERE was once a pretty chicken,
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew.
So he always, in the farmyard,
Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
What they ought to do and say.
"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
It will kill them to get wet.

"And I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her one day,
"That you wouldn't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay;
Won't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then my eggs would get all chilled."
"No, they won't," replied the chicken;
"And no matter if they do.
Eggs are really good for nothing.
What's an egg to me or you?"

"What's an egg?" said Mrs. Dorking,
"Can it be you do not know?
You yourself were in an egg-shell
Just a little month ago,—
And if kind wings had not warmed you,
You would not be out to-day,
Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys
What they ought to do or say!"

To be very wise and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
But when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about.

UNKNOWN

THE FOX AND THE STORK

THE Fox once asked the Stork to dinner, but only gave her some soup on a flat dish. Of course, the Stork could not eat this with her long beak, and the Fox only laughed at her for trying.

But soon after, the Stork invited the Fox to dine. She put the dinner on the table in a long, narrow jug, which suited her very well; but the Fox could not get even a taste.

This made him very angry, but the other animals said it was just what he deserved.

ÆSOP

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

In a small lake up in the mountains, there once lived a tortoise. He had made friends with the geese who came there to feed. In the autumn, when the geese were about to fly south, they told him of a beautiful pond in a great park in the land of flowers to which they were going.

"Will you come with us?" asked the geese.

"How can I get there?" replied the tortoise.

"Two of us will take you, if you will prom-

ise to hold your tongue and speak to no one on the way."

"That is easily done," said the tortoise, "take me along."

The geese brought a short stick and made the tortoise seize it with his mouth. The two geese took the ends in their bills and flew up into the air, and away towards the south.

People looking up saw this and said: "Why, there are two wild geese carrying a tortoise on a stick."

Instantly the tortoise, forgetting his promise, opened his mouth and said: "What business of yours is it, if my friends choose to carry me this way?"

They were just passing over a wide paved street in a great city, as he let go the stick to speak. He fell upon the stones below and was killed.

As he fell, the King, who was passing, asked the meaning of this. A wise man answered:

"O King, this tortoise could not keep from talking."

HINDOO FABLE

SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grape's sweet odours rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With golden butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

St. Luke, X. 30-36

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way;

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should knock her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his friends again he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

UNKNOWN

THE RABBIT'S TRICK

One day Brother Rabbit was running along the sea-shore when he saw a Whale and an Elephant talking together. He crouched down and listened to what they were saying, and this is what he heard:

"You are the biggest animal on the land, Brother Elephant," said the Whale, "and I am the biggest one in the sea; if we work together we can rule all the animals and do just as we please."

"Excellent," said the Elephant; "that just suits me; we'll do it."

The Rabbit smiled. "They will not rule me," he said. Off he ran and soon came back with a long strong rope, and a big drum. He hid the drum some distance away in the bushes. Then he ran along the shore till he met the Whale.

"Brother Whale," said he, "will you do me a favour? My cow is stuck in the mud away back in the bushes, and I am not

strong enough to pull her out. May I ask you to help me?"

"Certainly," said the Whale, "I shall be glad to assist you."

"Then," said the Rabbit, "let me tie this end of my rope round you, and I will run back into the bushes and tie the other end round my cow, and when I have done that, I will beat on my drum. You will have to pull hard, for the cow is down deep in the mud."

"Pshaw!" said the Whale, "I will pull her out even if she is covered to the tips of her horns."

The Rabbit tied the rope to the Whale and ran off as fast as he could to the place where the Elephant was feeding.

"Dear Mr. Elephant," said he, "will you do me a kindness?"

"What do you want?" asked the Elephant.

"My cow is stuck in the mud some distance down on the shore, and I am not strong enough to pull her out. May I ask you to help me?"

"Why, of course," said the Elephant.

"Then," said the Rabbit, "let me tie the end of this rope to your trunk and the other to my cow, and when I have done this I will beat on my big drum. When you hear that, pull with all your might, for the cow is a large one."

"Nonsense," said the Elephant. "I could pull a dozen cows."

"I feel sure of that," said the Rabbit, "only do not pull too hard at first."

When he had tied the rope about the Elephant's trunk, he ran back to a little hill in the bushes, where he could see what was about to happen, and began to beat the drum.

Whale and Elephant began at once to pull.

"A remarkably heavy cow," said the Elephant, as he braced himself, "but out she must come."

"Well, well!" said the Whale, "that cow must be far down in the mud."

Hard as the Whale pulled, the Elephant pulled harder, for he had a more solid foot-

ing. Presently the Whale found himself sliding towards the shore. As he neared the land, he became so indignant at the thought of that cow, that he plunged violently head foremost to the bottom. This jerked the Elephant off his feet, and before he could recover himself, he was pulled right down to the edge of the water. He was furious.

Just then the Whale ceased pulling for an instant and the Elephant leaped back with a jerk that brought the Whale to the surface of the water.

"What do you suppose you are pulling on?" shouted the Whale.

"What are you doing with that rope?" roared the Elephant.

"I will teach you to play cow," said the Elephant.

"And I will show you how to trick me," said the Whale.

Each put forth all his strength, but the rope broke and heels over head tumbled Elephant and Whale. This made them

both so ashamed and angry that it broke up the bargain between them.

And that little Rabbit in the bushes declared that he had never had such fun in his life.

THE NEW MOON

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright—
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends,
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

LEARN the art of saying pleasant things, and forgetting disagreeable things. Never forget that kind words and a smile cost nothing.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT LIKE WORK

Once upon a time there was a man who did not like to work. He lived in a wide old forest and each day he had to cut down a number of trees.

Every night he went to bed tired, and every morning he wished he had nothing to do. At last he decided to go to a very wise man, who lived near by, and ask him to find a giant who should do his work for him.

"What is your work?" asked the wise man.

"I have to cut down trees day after day," said the lazy man, "and I am so tired."

"Very well, I will give you a giant but remember, if you do not keep him always busy, he will kill you."

This amused the lazy man. "I can keep him busy and give him more than he may care to do," said he. Next morning the giant presented himself. He was a huge man, tall as the trees in the forest. His voice was as thunder and the light of his eyes as the flash of lightning.

"What work have you ready for me?" roared he.

"Cut down all the trees in this forest," said the lazy man. In a few minutes this was done.

"What work shall I do next?" roared the giant at the astonished man.

"Build me a great city where the forest stood, and have in it stately palaces, beautiful churches, and fine buildings."

In less than a quarter of an hour the task was completed, and the giant, in a voice that made the windows shake, said: "What work shall I do now?"

The lazy man had grown very anxious. If the giant could do such great tasks in so short a time, how could he be kept busy! Finding work for him would be harder toil than cutting trees had been.

"Hurry," shouted the giant. "I must have something to do, or—"

"Gather for me all the pearls in the sea," said the man, and then he ran off to the hills among which he hoped to hide from the giant. It was a vain hope.

The giant was by his side in ten minutes and showed him the pearls heaped in piles upon the sea shore.

"What work next?" thundered the giant. "Quick!"

The lazy man was in terror. How he wished he had never asked for the giant! Just then his little dog came running to him, and, at the sight of his pet, an idea entered his mind. "Take the curl out of my dog's tail and out of every hair on it," said he.

The giant tied the tail to a flat board, combed each hair and fastened it down.

"That is done," roared the giant.

"Indeed!" said the lazy man. "Cut the strings and we shall see." When the strings were cut the curls were there as before.

The giant tried again and again, but each time with the same result. At last he said: "Let me off this task and I will never ask you for work again."

The lazy man was delighted to grant this request, and it is said that never after was he heard to grumble at any work he had to do.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay
summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of
me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain:
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow:
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket: "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket: "Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You sang, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

UNKNOWN

THE SLUGGARD

Go to the ant, thou Sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise:
  Which having no chief,
  Overseer,
  Or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard?
When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?
  "Yet a little sleep,
  A little slumber,
  A little folding of the hands to sleep"—
So shall thy poverty come as a robber,
And thy want as an armed man!

PROVERBS, VI.

NAY, speak no ill, but lenient be
  To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
  Be not the first to make it known:
For life is but a passing day—
  No lips may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
  Let's speak of all the best we can.

RIDING BEHIND REINDEER

Who has not heard of Santa Claus and his wonderful reindeer? How we wished that we could catch one glimpse of him wrapped up in his furs and driving his prancing steeds! Let us take a winter trip to Lapland, which lies east of the northern part of Sweden. Here we shall actually see reindeer harnessed to sleds and pulling them over the snow.

Lapland is a cold, bleak country, where little grows. The Laplanders have been

crowded farther and farther north, until now they live in a region where only the most hardy people could exist. During the long, cold winter the sun is below the horizon most of the time, just as it is in Eskimo land.

The summer dwellings of the Laplanders are made of the skins of the reindeer. The winter homes are made of wood and stones nearly covered with earth. This is necessary in order to keep out the cold.

If you were to enter one of these huts, you would be invited to sit down on a reindeer skin, for the people do not have chairs. Over a fire, reindeer meat is cooking in a large iron kettle. Hanging from a rafter is a cradle of deer skin made in the form of a shoe. In it is a tiny Lapp baby. The clothes of the different members of the family are in large part furnished by the reindeer.

In our country we reckon the wealth of a family in money and lands. The wealth of the Lapps is reckoned in reindeer. Some

very rich families own as many as one thousand, while some poor families own less than a hundred.

Reindeer are from four to five feet high. They are brown above and lighter in colour below, and are darker in summer than in winter. The horns or antlers are branched. When the feet are placed on the ground the toes spread apart, making the hoofs wider. On this account the animals do not sink into the snow as much as they otherwise would. The chief food of the reindeer is a light-coloured moss. This the deer will find even in the winter by clearing away the snow with feet and nose. This same moss grows in Siberia and northern Alaska, and in each of these regions reindeer are very important.

In addition to furnishing food and material for the making of tents and clothing, the reindeer supply their owners with milk. Each cow gives a very small quantity, but the milk is rich. Generally the girls and women do the milking, while the men hold

the animals by means of a short rope or strap. From the milk the women make cheese.

The Laplanders travel from place to place in order to find pasturage for their herds. On these trips the household goods are carried by the reindeer, and the people themselves ride. The loads are not placed on the backs of the animals, for their backs seem to be weak, but rather at the base of the neck.

When snow and ice cover the ground, the Laplander travels in his sled. This is long, low, and narrow, and looks a little like a boat. It is pointed at the front end. The Laplander sits in his sled as you might sit on the floor with your feet straight out before you. Then he wraps his robe of reindeer skin about him, and is ready for his drive.

Of course, only a few of the reindeer are trained to draw sleds. Those that are to be used in this way are generally selected when they are fawns. They are petted by all of the

members of the family, and become quite tame.

The harness used is very simple. A great collar is fastened about the neck of the animal. Around the body there is a band or girth. A single tug or trace is fastened to these below the reindeer's body and also fastened to the front end of the sleigh. When the animal travels the trace is between its legs.

I suppose you have pictured Santa Claus driving with two reins just as we do. The Laplander uses but one. Stranger still, this one rein is not attached to a bit, but to the base of the reindeer's horns. This single rein the driver holds twisted about his right hand. He guides the reindeer by jerking at the rein and talking.

Reindeer cannot draw a very heavy load. With one passenger and a little baggage they will skim over the snow at the rate of about ten miles an hour. How strange it would seem to live in a land where there are no trains, no street cars, and no carriages.

CHAMBERLAIN: "How We Travel."

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, Little Red,
It's quite time you went to bed."

"Ah," begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among:

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said,
And from below each sleepy child
Replied: "Good-night," and murmured:
"It is so nice to go to bed."

SUSAN COOLIDGE

THE BOY AND THE SQUIRREL

As I was going to school one morning a squirrel ran into its hole in the path before me. Now here was a chance for fun. As there was a stream just at hand, I determined to

pour water into the hole till it should be full and so force the squirrel up in order that I might kill him.

I got a bucket from beside a sugar maple and began to pour water into the hole. In a short time I heard the squirrel trying to get up, and said: "Ah, my fellow, I shall soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me: "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbours, a good old man with long white locks, who had seen sixty winters.

"Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out."

"John," said he, "when I was a boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day, just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me: 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel? God made that little

squirrel, and life is as sweet to him as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'" He said: "I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to bear this in mind while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little animal or bird, remember that God does not allow us to kill His creatures for fun."

That was forty years ago, but I have not forgotten what the old man said.

THE BROWN THRUSH

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy!
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing: "A nest
do you see?
And five eggs, hid by me, in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little
boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy:
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you know? Don't you see?
But long it won't be,
Unless we're as good as can be."

LUCY LARCOM

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT

"WHAT'S the matter?" said Growler to the tabby cat, as she sat moping on the step of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very

fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang her."

"Why, what *is* the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler, "pray what has brought it about?"

"Oh, nothing at all; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said the tabby cat, "and such a pain in my side!"

"But what," said Growler, "what is the cause?"

"Haven't I told you?" said the cat, pettishly. "It's her temper—oh, what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks, she lays to me,—everything

that is stolen, she lays to me. Really, it is unbearable!"

Growler was quite indignant; but being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked: "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" gently inquired Growler.

"Oh, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine."

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say: "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"Oh!" said Growler, much enlightened.

"Why, the fact was," said the tabby cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and—"

"You finished it," hinted Growler.

"Well, I believe I should have done so, if

that meddlesome cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, of a certain fine fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but, now that I have heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she did *not* hang you."

HARRY DAVIES

MOTHER'S WORLD

EYES of blue and hair of gold,
Cheeks all brown with summer tan,
Lips that much of laughter hold,
That is mother's little Man.

Shining curls like chestnut brown,
Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid,
Sweetest face in all the town,
That is mother's little Maid.

Dainty room with snow-white beds,
  Where, like flowers with petals curled,
Rest in peace two dreaming heads,
  That—is mother's little World!

MARGARET H. ALDEN

A LULLABY

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,
  White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
  But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
  On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
  But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,*
  Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
  But baby sleeps at home.

UNKNOWN

* Hillocks.

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION

In the great city of Rome there lived many years ago a poor slave named Androclus. Very terrible things he suffered at the hands of his cruel master, until unable to bear his miseries any longer, he ran away and hid in the forests that lay beyond the city walls. But little could he find to eat in the woods, and each day growing weaker, he at last

crept into a cave to die. Stretched upon the floor he fell into a deep sleep, whence he was awakened by the roaring of a lion who entered the cave, limping, and in great pain.

Androclus saw that there was a large thorn in the lion's paw. Though much afraid he took the paw in his hands and, with a quick, strong pull, drew out the thorn. Immediately the pain was relieved. The lion licked Androclus' hands, rubbed his head against him, and lay down at his feet. Androclus was no longer afraid. That night lion and slave slept side by side.

Next morning the lion went out into the woods, but soon came back bringing with him food for Androclus. This he did for many days, and the slave was happier in the cave than he had ever been in his master's house.

At length, Roman soldiers, travelling through the woods, found Androclus and brought him back to Rome. According to the law, slaves who ran away must fight with wild animals in a ring before the

people. To make these animals fiercer no food was given for days beforehand.

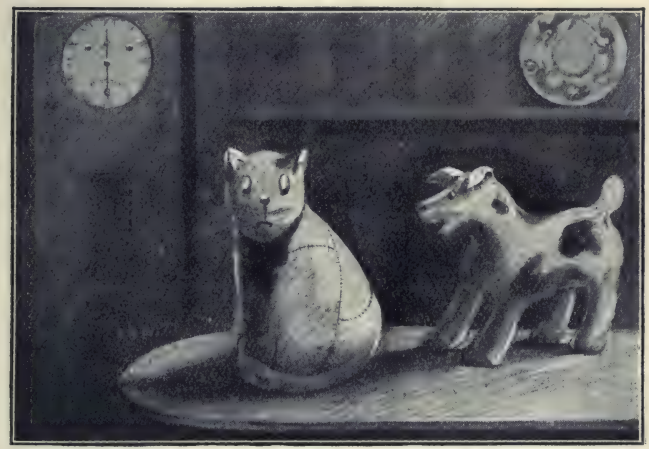
Into the ring, then, they brought Androclus on an appointed day. Thousands of people sat above on raised seats to watch the fight. No one uttered a word of pity for the poor slave. A door in the wall opened, and a hungry lion leaped in. With a roar he rushed towards the slave who leaped lightly aside as the lion sprang upon him. Then a strange thing happened. There was a cry of joy from the slave as he threw his arms about the lion, who licked his hands. Leaning against him Androclus faced the people. The old friends had met once more.

The crowd gazed in astonishment, and asked Androclus what magic power he had over the beast. Then Androclus told them of his misery with his master, and of his happy days in the cave. "I am a man," said he, "yet no man has been kind to me. It has remained for a wild beast to love and protect me." The hearts of the people were

moved, and they cried with a loud voice: "Life for the slave and the lion! Freedom for both."

So Androclus became a free man, and for years after he and his lion were among the sights of old Rome.

A Roman Tale



THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate!*
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;

And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole the pair away!
But the truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD

THE LOST CAMEL

A DERVISH was travelling alone in the desert when he met two merchants.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" asked the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" asked the dervish.

"He had," answered the merchants.

"And was he not laden with honey on one side, and corn on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they rejoined, "and as you have seen him so lately, you can, of course, lead us to him."

"My friends," the dervish said, "I have never seen your camel, nor have I heard of him, except through yourselves."

"A pretty story, truly!" cried the merchants. "You must have seen him. And where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have never seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

Upon this they seized him and took him to the Cadi, to be judged; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found against him. Nothing was found to prove him guilty of either falsehood or theft.

"He is a magician!" exclaimed the merchants.

But the dervish calmly said to the Cadi: "I see that you are surprised, and that you believe that I am deceiving you. Perhaps I have given you cause for such belief. I have lived long and alone in the desert

but I have learned to see and to think.

"I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner because I saw its footprints, but no trace of a human being. I knew the animal was blind in one eye because it had cropped the herbage on only one side of the path. And I knew it was lame in one leg because one foot had made but a faint impression upon the sand.

"I also concluded that the animal had lost one tooth because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage in the centre of its bite was left untouched. I knew that which formed the burden of the beast, for the busy ants told me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

THE COMING OF SPRING

"Spring, where are you tarrying now?
Why are you so long unfelt?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

"I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden:
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flowers and with the leaf.
Till I come the time is brief.

"I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing.
Little maiden, now is spring!

"See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets grow.

"Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

"Little maiden, look around thee!
Green and flowery fields surround thee;
Every little stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

"Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the spring hath given;
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food.
Pour thy soul in gratitude!
So mayst thou 'mid blessings dwell.
Little maiden, fare thee well!"

MARY HOWITT

BEHOLD the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. ST. MATTHEW, VI. 26, 28, 29

HEPATICAS

The trees to their innermost marrow
  Are touched by the sun;
The robin is here and the sparrow:
  Spring is begun!

The sleep and the silence are over:
  These petals that rise
Are the eyelids of earth that uncover
  Her numberless eyes.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD

John was well known as a sturdy, intelligent, and God-fearing pilot on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time these steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out: "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said: "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Fire! fire! fire! fire! instantly resounded in all directions. All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to try and save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot: "How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here*—see the smoke bursting out! Go forward if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet: "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the brave tar.

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore."

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out: "John Maynard!" The response came feebly: "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to his God. Noble John Maynard!

J. B. Gough

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF

Little one, come to my knee!
  Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
  And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
  Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
  In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
  Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
  And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thickset boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other:
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
Hark how the wind is roaring:
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!

BAYARD TAYLOR

IN ANCIENT BRITAIN

Do you know people who have lived in England, that beautiful land beyond the sea? Let me tell you about that land and its people in far-off days.

Two thousand years ago that country was wild, and its people little better than

savages. Great forests, full of streams and bogs, covered most of the land. In these forests were many beasts—bears, wolves, boars, wild-cats, and deer. The rivers teemed with fish.

There were no towns there; no houses of brick or stone; no churches, no schools, no factories; no farms, no gardens; no railways, no streets; no gold or silver or paper money. Here and there in the dense forests little patches of land were cleared of trees and a little village of huts built up. To protect a village from its enemies, a trench was dug around it, and inside the trench an earthen wall was built, and on the wall was erected a strong fence of trunks of trees.

The houses were small, round huts made of branches of trees woven together like basket-work, and plastered on the outside with mud to keep out the wind and the rain. The roofs were covered with rushes or straw. There were no windows and no chimneys in these houses. The fire was built in the middle of the room on the

earthen floor and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. The beds were of soft moss covered with deer-skins. The tables were large blocks of wood and the dishes were made of wood or clay. Water was boiled in earthen pots by dropping red-hot stones into it.

The people who lived in these houses were called Britons. They were tall, with blue eyes and fair hair. They were clad in the skins of animals, a single bear-skin or wolf-skin fastened about the waist by a girdle being the only garment. Neither caps nor boots were worn. They stained their breasts, arms, and faces blue to make themselves more beautiful. Near the sea some Britons grew a little corn and some had small herds of cattle, but back in the forests they lived on what they caught by hunting and fishing.

The life of an early Briton was hard and rough—one long struggle with the beasts of the forests and the men of the tribes about him. He had few of the comforts of life as

we know them, yet it is through his work and the work of others who lived after him that England has become a land of plenty and beauty, a land of homes.

HE AND SHE

"Now, where are you going so fast, little maid?
Now where are you going so soon?"
"I'm going to be a great Queen, sir," she said,
"In the land of the Silver Spoon!

I'm tired of spelling, of chickens, of bees;
I'm tired of sewing a seam;
So I'm going for ever to do as I please,
And eat only peaches and cream!"

"And where are *you* going, my fine little man?
And where are you going so fast?"
"Out on the sea, just as quick as I can,
To stand at the front of the mast!
I'm tired of seven times four, sir," quoth he,
"And lessons are useless and old;
An Admiral Pirate I'm going to be,
With a vessel of purple and gold!"

Then passed the folk busily early and late,
Till daylight grew red in the west,
And the queer bent man by the old toll-gate
Sat him down on a stump to rest.
When up the long highway there suddenly sped
Two wanderers hastening near;
And one—he was hanging a sorrowful head;
And one—she was sobbing with fear.

"Now, whither art coming, my dear little maid?
Now, whither art coming?" quoth he.
"Oh! straight home to bed, sir," she sobbingly said,

"And to get some nice porridge and tea!
For the road to the Fairy Tale Spoon, sir, I ween,
It is harder than ever I'll tell,
And would you believe it? there isn't a queen
Who doesn't just know how to spell."

"And whither art coming, my fine little man?"
That funny old man spake he.
"Oh, I'm going right home," said the traveller sad,
"To study a book on the sea!
Of purple and gold I have found not a speck,
But toilers with rope and with oar—
And there isn't an admiral walking a deck
Who doesn't know seven times four!"

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

JOSEPH II. AND THE GRENADIER

THE Emperor Joseph II. of Austria was very fond of seeking for adventures. One morning, dressed in a very ordinary way, he got into a public conveyance, and told the driver to take him through the town. The cab having been obstructed by some carts, a soldier came up to the disguised monarch

and said: "Comrade, will you give me a lift?"

"Gladly," said the Emperor; "jump up quickly, for I am in a hurry."

"Ah! you are a fine fellow; you only want moustaches to look like a soldier. Tell me now," tapping his royal neighbour on the shoulder, "are you a good hand at guessing?"

"Maybe I am," said the Emperor. "Try."

"Well, then, friend, give your whole mind to it, and tell me what I ate this morning for breakfast."

"Sauer-kraut and a cup of coffee."

"Better than that."

"A slice of ham, then."

"Better than that."

"Then it must have been a sausage, with a glass of wine after it to help digestion."

"Better than that. But, friend, you will never be able to guess: I breakfasted off a pheasant killed in the Emperor's park. What do you think of that?"

"I think that very extraordinary indeed. Had you not told me, I should never have guessed it. Now it is my turn, grenadier. I will put your sharpness to the proof. Tell me who I am, and what rank I hold in the army."

"Well," said the soldier, "I should have taken you for an ensign; but you are not well enough dressed to be an officer."

"Better than that."

"You are a lieutenant, perhaps."

"Better than that."

"A captain, then."

"Better than that."

"Why, then, you must be a general."

"Better than that."

The soldier grew very much excited, and, taking off his cap, said: "I beg a thousand pardons of your excellency; you are a field-marshal of the empire."

"Better than that."

"Pardon, sire, you are the Emperor—I am a lost man."

He at once jumped out of the cab, but

the Emperor, delighted with the adventure, and laughing heartily, threw him a purse, saying: "Take that, soldier, in proof that you have lost nothing!"

LITTLE SORROW

Among the thistles on the hill,
In tears sat Little Sorrow;
"I see a black cloud in the west;
'Twill bring a storm to-morrow.
And when it storms, where shall I be?
And what will keep the rain from me?
Woe's me!" said Little Sorrow.

"But now the air is soft and sweet,
The sunshine bright," said Pleasure;
"Here is my pipe; if you will dance,
I'll wake my merriest measure;
Or, if you choose, we'll sit beneath
The red-rose tree, and twine a wreath,
Come, come with me!" said Pleasure.

"Oh, I want neither dance nor flower—
They're not for me," said Sorrow,
"When that black cloud is in the west,
And it will storm to-morrow!
And if it storm, what shall I do?
I have no heart to play with you—
Go! go!" said Little Sorrow.

But lo! when came the morrow's morn,
The clouds were all blown over;
The lark sprang singing from his nest
Among the dewy clover:
And Pleasure called: "Come out and dance
To-day you mourn no evil chance;
The clouds have all blown over!"

"And if they have, alas! alas!
Poor comfort that!" said Sorrow;
"For if to-day we miss the storm,
'Twill surely come to-morrow,

And be the fiercer for delay;
I am too sore at heart to play—
Woe's me!" said Little Sorrow.

"MARIAN DOUGLAS"

TOM AND THE LOBSTER

BUT what became of little Tom? He slipped away off the rocks into the water, as I said before. And here is the account of what happened to him, as it was published next morning in the Waterproof Gazette, on the finest watered paper, for the use of the great

fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, who reads the news very carefully every morning, and especially the police cases.

He was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, watching the pollock catch prawns, and the wrasses nibble barnacles off the rocks, shells and all, when he saw a round cage of green withes; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

"What, have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lock-up?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue; so he only said: "I can't get out."

"Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish."

He had thought it looked and smelt very nice when he was outside, and so it did, for a lobster: but now he turned round and abused it because he was angry with himself.

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it?"

"Because I can't," and the lobster twiddled his horns more fiercely than ever, but he was forced to confess: "I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times; and I can't get out. I always get up underneath there, and can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter; as you may if you will look at the lobster-pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I'll pull you through hind foremost, and then you won't stick in the spikes."

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he couldn't hit the hole. Like a great many fox-hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country; but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads, and so the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail.

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him, till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in head foremost.

"Hullo! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws, and break the points off those spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster, "and after all the experience of life that I have had!"

You see, experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit enough to make use of it. For a good many people have seen all the world, and yet remain little better than children after all.

But they had not got half the spikes away when they saw a great dark cloud over them: and lo, and behold, it was the otter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom. "Ya!" said she, "you little meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him, if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glad when he got out: but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom, "don't you see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boat-side, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, he gave such a furious and tremendous snap, that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and safe into the sea.

But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all, so he just shook his claw off as the easier method.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: "The Water Babies."

BY the street of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never.

CERVANTES

LITTLE GUSTAVA

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim;
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews:
"What's that?"
Gustava feeds her—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door;
"Good day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen;
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves, so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet;
"Welcome," cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager, they pick up the crumbs.
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags;
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks like silk;
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without, stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow;

"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And oh, her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

CELIA THAXTER

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

THE TIGER, THE BRAHMAN, AND THE JACKAL.

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brahman came by. "Let me out of this cage, O pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, my friend," replied the Brahman, mildly, "you would probably eat me if I did."

"Not at all!" said the tiger, "on the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and serve you as a slave!"

Now when the tiger sobbed and sighed and wept, the pious Brahman's heart softened, and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. Out popped the tiger, and, seizing the poor man, cried: "What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now, for after being cooped up so long I am just terribly hungry!"

In vain the Brahman pleaded for his life; the most he could gain was a promise to abide by the decision of the first three things he chose to question as to the justice of the tiger's action.

So the Brahman first asked a pipal tree what it thought of the matter, but the pipal tree replied coldly: "What have you to complain about? Don't I give shade and shelter to every one who passes by, and don't they in return tear down my branches to feed their cattle? Don't whimper—be a man!"

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went farther afield, till he saw a buffalo turning a well wheel; but he fared no better from it, for it answered: "You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! While I gave milk they fed me on cotton seed and oil-cake, but now I am dry they yoke me here, and give me refuse as fodder!"

The Brahman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion.

"My dear sir," said the road, "how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I, useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

On this the Brahman turned back sorrowfully, and on the way he met a jackal, who called out: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brahman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!"

Then the Brahman told him all that had occurred. "How very confusing!" said the jackal, when the recital was ended; "would

you mind telling me over again? for everything seems so mixed up!"

The Brahman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head in a distracted sort of way, and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he, sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! I will go to the place where it all happened, and then perhaps I shall be able to give a judgment."

So they returned to the cage, by which the tiger was waiting for the Brahman, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner!" thought the wretched Brahman, as his knees knocked together with fright; "what a remarkably delicate way of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord!" he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brahman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing his paws. "Let me see! how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by—"

"Pooh!" interrupted the tiger, "what a fool you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright; "yes! I was in the cage—no, I wasn't—dear! dear! where are my wits? Let me see—the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by—no, that's not it either! Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you shall!" returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal's stupidity; "I'll *make* you understand! Look here—I am the tiger—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the Brahman—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the cage—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And I was in the cage—do you understand?"

"Yes—no—Please, my lord—"

"Well?" cried the tiger impatiently.

"Please, my lord!—how did you get in?"

"How!—why, in the usual way, of course!"

"Oh, dear me!—my head is beginning to whirl again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost patience, and, jumping into the cage, cried: "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" grinned the jackal, as he dexterously shut the door; "and if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!"

FLORA ANNIE STEEL: "Tales from the Punjab."

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart. HOOD

THE BLUEBIRD

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his
throat;
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's
saying,
Up in the apple trees, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

ULYSSES

Homer, the poet, told many stories about the great men in Greece. Here is one about Ulysses, the wisest of all the Greeks who fought against Troy.

Ulysses, in the course of his long voyage by sea from Troy to his home, had to pass the island where the Sirens lived. Now these Sirens sang so sweetly that men who heard them could think of nothing else, and

had no desire but to get nearer and nearer the sweet music. As they listened they forgot friends and home and children. They could neither eat nor work nor think nor speak. They could do nothing but listen till they died. And all the island of the Sirens was covered with the bones of men who had been lured to death by these songs.

Ulysses had not feared to meet giants on land and mighty storms at sea, yet he knew better than to expose himself to the power of this wonderful music. Yet, longing to hear it, he hit upon a plan. As his ship drew near to the island he told his men of their danger. He said that, to save them, he would stop their ears with soft wax. Then they must tie him to the mast and on no account loose him until they were out of sight of the island.

As the ship approached, the Sirens began to sing such sweet music as Ulysses had never heard. Yet the ship continued on her course. Never had the Sirens seen such a thing happen. They made their songs

even sweeter than before, till Ulysses, no longer able to resist, ordered the ship to be put about. But the man at the helm could not hear. Eager to make his orders obeyed, Ulysses struggled with all his might to free himself from the cords which bound him. But he was helpless and the sailors remembering his instructions looked the other way.

It was not till the ship had passed far beyond the Sirens' isle that the sailors unbound their leader. So Ulysses, alone of mortals, heard the Sirens' song and escaped.

A Greek Tale

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS

Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous Spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds, how sweet they sing!
Oh! let them joyous live,
And do not seek to take their life,
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
That play among the trees:
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
To see no more of these.

The little birds how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
That cheer the field and grove.
Such harmless things to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

MARY HOWITT

"GIVE the imagination full play to picture what the birds are doing in every farm and garden and about every home in the land.

Think of the millions of beautiful wings, and building nests, and eating bills, and singing throats, and of the enormous service birds do us in destroying insects. Have we any duties towards them?"

MOTHER PARTRIDGE

Down the wooded slope of Taylor's Hill Mother Partridge led her brood; down toward the crystal brook that by some strange whim was called Mud Creek. Her little ones were one day old, but already quick on foot, and she was taking them for the first time to drink.

She walked slowly, crouching low as she went, for the woods were full of enemies. She was uttering a soft little cluck in her throat, a call to the little balls of mottled down that on their tiny pink legs came toddling after, and peeping softly and plaintively if left even a few inches behind, and seeming so fragile they made the very chickadees look big and coarse.

There were twelve of them, but Mother Partridge watched them all, and she watched every bush and tree and thicket, and the whole woods and the sky itself. Always for enemies she seemed seeking—friends were too scarce to be looked for—and an enemy

she found. Away across the level beaver meadow was a great brute of a fox. He was coming their way, and in a few moments would surely wind them, or strike their trail. There was no time to lose.

"Krrr! Krrr!" (Hide! Hide!) cried the mother in a low firm voice, and the little bits of things, scarcely bigger than acorns and but a day old, scattered far (a few inches) apart to hide. One dived under a leaf, another between two roots, a third crawled into a curl of birch-bark, a fourth into a hole, and so on, till all were hidden but one who could find no cover, so squatted on a broad yellow chip and lay very flat, and closed his eyes very tight, sure that now he was safe from being seen. They ceased their frightened peeping and all was still.

Mother Partridge flew straight towards the dreaded beast, alighted fearlessly a few yards to one side of him, and then flung herself on the ground, flopping as though winged and lame—oh, so dreadfully lame—

and whining like a distressed puppy. Was she begging for mercy—mercy from a blood-thirsty, cruel fox? Oh, dear no! She was no fool. One often hears of the cunning of the fox. Wait and see what a fool he is compared with a mother-partridge. Elated at the prize so suddenly within his reach, the fox turned with a dash and caught—at least, no, he didn't quite catch the bird; she flopped by chance just a foot out of reach. He followed with another jump and would have seized her this time surely, but somehow a sapling came just between, and the partridge dragged herself awkwardly away and under a log; but the great brute snapped his jaws and bounded over the log, while she, seeming a trifle less lame, made another clumsy forward spring and tumbled down a bank, and Reynard, keenly following, almost caught her tail, but, oddly enough, fast as he went and leaped, she still seemed just a trifle faster. It was most extraordinary. A winged partridge and he, Reynard, the Swift-foot, had not caught her in five minutes'

racing. It was really shameful. But the partridge seemed to gain strength as the fox put forth his, and after a quarter of a mile race, racing that was somehow all away from Taylor's Hill, the bird got unaccountably quite well, and, rising with a derisive whirr, flew off through the woods leaving the fox utterly dumfounded to realize that he had been made a fool of, and, worst of all, he now remembered that this was not the first time he had been served this very trick, though he never knew the reason for it.

Meanwhile Mother Partridge skimmed in a great circle, and came by a roundabout way back to the little fuzzballs she had left hidden in the woods.

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON : "Wild Animals I Have Known."

SEVEN TIMES ONE

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell?
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in
it—
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day!

JEAN INGELOW

THE LAZY FROG

IT was such a pretty pool. Every sort of water-plant grew there, from the tall, purple loosestrife and crimson willow-weed, to the creeping moneywort with its golden blossoms. The great, white water-lilies liked to lay their sleepy heads on its calm, clear surface, and forget-me-nots nestled along its banks.

In the evening, the May-flies could not resist the pleasure of dancing there, though they knew it might be a dance of death, for were there not numerous pink-spotted trout watching for them below, and ready to dart on them at a moment's notice?

One evening, at sunset, a lively little trout was employing himself in this way with

great success, when he observed an intelligent-looking frog, sitting on the bank, half in the water and half out, and croaking.

"Why don't you come right in?" called the trout. "You can't think how lovely it is. And the May-flies are just in perfection; come along."

"No, thank you," said the frog; "I'd rather not."

"Perhaps you can't swim?" suggested the trout.

"Can't I though!" answered the frog. "Let me tell you, that when human beings try to swim, they imitate me, not you!"

"I should think not," said the trout; "why, the poor things haven't got any fins! Well, come along, Froggie, and let's see how you perform."

"No, thank you," said the frog again, "I had enough of the pond when I was a young thing, with a large head. I am too old to make such exertions now."

"Too old! too lazy, you mean."

"That's rude," said the frog.

The trout darted upwards and caught a fine May-fly, then dived, and presently appeared again, saying in a gentler tone:

"Are you hungry, old fellow?"

"Very," answered the frog.

"Don't you like May-flies?"

"Rather! Don't you see I keep opening my mouth, in hopes one will fly in by mistake?"

"You might wait long enough," said the trout, "though your mouth is pretty wide;" and with that he swam away.

Early the next morning, before the dew was off the ground, a sparrow in search of worms observed the frog sitting in the same spot.

"Why don't you come right out, and look for your breakfast, Froggie?" said she.

"Much too early to bestir oneself," answered the frog.

"Perhaps you can't hop?" said the sparrow.

"Can't I though!" said the frog. "If I chose, I could hop a good deal farther than you."

"If you can hop, why don't you have a try for that blue-bottle sitting on the thistle near you?"

"I'll open my mouth wide," said the frog, "and perhaps he may come in. Why, there he goes, right away. What an unlucky fellow I am, to be sure!"

"Dear me!" said the sparrow; "do you call that being unlucky? I'm sure my nestlings at home open their mouths wide enough, but nothing ever drops into them but what I put there. But I must be off."

That evening, when the trout came up for his supper, there sat the frog in the same place.

"Good-evening, Froggie," he said. "How many flies have popped down your throat since I saw you last? Not many, I'm afraid. Why, you are getting thin; your yellow skin hangs quite loose, and your eyes look positively goggle!"

"Personal remarks are never in good taste," answered the frog; and as he showed no inclination to continue the conversation, the trout went about his own affairs.

Next morning the sparrow appeared again, and there sat the frog as before.

"Halloo! Froggie," cried she, "you there still! What are you waiting for?"

"I am waiting for Providence to send a fly," replied the frog; but this time he spoke slowly, for he was beginning to feel weak and hungry.

"Providence only helps those who help themselves," said the sparrow. "I don't believe a fly will be sent."

"I certainly am most unlucky," said the frog, "considering the number of flies that pass this way; and not one of them comes in, though I open my mouth so wide that my jaws ache."

The sparrow hopped up to him and looked at him for a moment, with her head on one side.

"Well, you *are* a queer fish!" she said.

"I'm not a fish at all," replied the frog, with calm dignity; and the sparrow picked up a fine worm, and flew off to her nestlings.

After she was gone the frog observed a little blue butterfly sitting on a blade of grass near. The pangs of hunger induced him to stretch his yellow neck for it, but so slowly that the blue butterfly had time to escape. "Just like my luck!" said the frog. "What's the use of exerting oneself? Nothing ever comes of it. How weak I feel to be sure! I think it's the effort of holding my mouth open so long that knocks me up. I'll go to sleep."

But he had scarcely closed his eyes when a rustling sound close to him made him open them. There, between him and the sunlight, loomed a dark figure with cruel eyes. It was the great shrike, or butcher-bird. Poor Froggie! While he was thinking what an unlucky fellow he was, the butcher-bird pounced on him, and put an end to his existence; after which she deposited him on a thorn, till she should feel inclined to eat him.

"Well, Froggie, you there still!" cried the trout when he came up in the evening.

"Why, he's gone! What's become of him—fairly starved out?"

"Killed and spitted," said the sparrow, who, concealed in a bush, had watched the whole proceeding.

"Poor fellow!" said the trout; "I was afraid it might end so."

The sparrow went home and told her young ones all poor Froggie's history, impressing on them that it was of no use to be able to hop well, or to be a fine swimmer, if one only sat all day on a bank; that dinners didn't drop into people's mouths, however wide open they might be; and that the sooner they could manage to fetch their own worms the better she should be pleased.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close!
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Longfellow

THE DARING FROGGIE

Once upon a time,
  On the border of a brook,
A wicked little froggie,
  Who had never read a book—
Who had never read a story,
  Or a funny little rhyme,
Had a sad and tragic ending
  Once upon a time.

The little froggie, sad to say,
  Was very fond of flies,
And thought, on this unlucky day,
  That he had found a prize.

"Up, up, I go," said Froggie,
"I can climb as well as hop,
I only hope he'll stay right there
Until I reach the top.

"I wish this wouldn't bend so much,"
Said Froggie, going higher,
"I wish that flies would shut their
eyes,
And come a little nigher.
But he is such a good one,
And he looks so very fine,
I think that I must have him,
For it's time for me to dine."

So up he went, regardless
Of the danger he was in;
He saw a duck below him,
But he didn't care a pin;
Till suddenly, behind his back,
The reed began to crack,
And all he heard was just one word,
And that one word was "QUACK!"

JAMES CLARENCE HAWER

I HAVE been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. PSALM XXXVII.

THE PRICE OF A FISH

A NOBLEMAN who lived in a beautiful mansion near Pisa, was about to give a grand feast. He had obtained every kind of dainty but fish. The sea had been so stormy for some days that no boat had ventured to leave the shore. On the morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot.

The nobleman, greatly pleased, asked him to name any price he thought proper for the fish, and it would be instantly paid.

"Well," said the fisherman, "what I wish to have as the price of my fish is one hundred lashes on my bare back, and I will not bate one stroke on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests were astonished at the oddity of the request, thinking the fisherman was only in jest. The offer of a handsome sum of money he absolutely refused, and said that they might have the fish, but only on the condition he had stated.

"Well, well," said the nobleman, "the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After receiving fifty lashes, the fisherman exclaimed: "Hold! hold! I have a partner in this business, and it is right that he should receive his share."

"What!" cried the nobleman, "are there two such madcaps in the world? Name the other one, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go far for him," said the fisherman, "you will find him at the gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I had promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh! oh!" said the nobleman, "bring him up, then, and he shall receive the other fifty lashes with the strictest justice."

The porter was immediately brought in, and prepared for the flogging. "Now," exclaimed his master to him who handled the whip, "lay it on soundly." After this

punishment, the covetous porter was dismissed from the nobleman's service, and the poor fisherman was paid in cash the highest market price for his fish.

From the Italian

LULLABY

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tennyson

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Scott

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

A WONDERFUL WORKMAN

Far across the sea, in the land of Greece, there lived long ago a wonderful workman named Dædalus. He made beautiful statues, and invented clever contrivances, and far and wide the people talked of his skill.

All he knew he taught his nephew. In time the boy grew skilful as his uncle, and invented the saw and the compass, so that the Greeks said: "He will be greater than even Dædalus."

Then Dædalus grew jealous, and taking him to a steep cliff, suddenly thrust him over that he might drown in the waves beneath. But a goddess caught the lad and changed him to a partridge, and together they vanished away over the waters.

Now in those days all the land of Crete was wasted by a terrible monster whom no one could restrain, and the King, hearing

how clever Dædalus was, sent for him. So Dædalus came and built a strange prison for the monster, so full of rooms that opened into one another, and halls and turnings and crooked passages, that no one who entered it could find his way out. When the King saw it, he was greatly pleased, and thought very highly of Dædalus and would not let him return to Greece.

But Dædalus longed for his old home, and would go down to the shore, and look across the sea towards his native land.

One evening as he was walking along the beach with his son, the little boy pointed to the ships with their great sails spread. "Father," he said, "are those birds with great wings flying over the water?"

This set the father thinking, and he made wings for himself and for his boy, out of the feathers of birds. He fastened them on with wax. Then watching the birds, and imitating them, he taught himself to fly. He also taught his son to do likewise.

When all things were ready he said to the boy: "To-day we shall fly home to Greece. Therefore do as I do, and follow my path. Neither be eager to soar too high, lest the sun may burn your wings."

So they flew upwards. Beneath them there lay the land of Crete and the blue sea, and afar off the shores of Greece. Thither they directed their way, and flew swiftly through the air.

At first the boy followed his father closely, but presently, growing proud of his skill, he was not content to do as Dædalus did, but stole away higher and higher into the sky. Then as he drew near the sun, the wax began to soften. His wings would not work, and, crying aloud upon his father, he fell downwards into the sea.

Dædalus turned swiftly about, and hastened to the spot where his son had fallen, but he was too late. Just then a partridge flew slowly past.

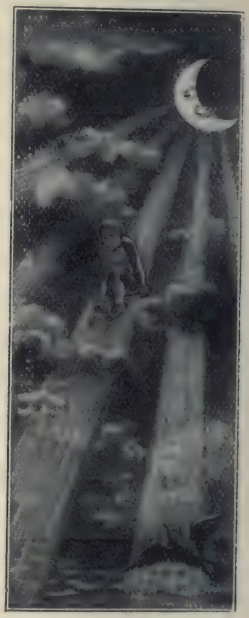
And Dædalus remembered what he had done to his nephew, and knew that this

was punishment for his crime. Sadly he turned again homeward, and alone and in sorrow he reached his journey's end.

A GREEK TALE

THE SPRITE

A LITTLE sprite sat on a
moon-beam
When the night was wan-
ing away,
And over the world to the
eastward
Had spread the first flush
of the day.
The moon-beam was cold
and slippery,
And a fat little fairy was
he;
Around him the white
clouds were sleeping,
And under him slum-
bered the sea.



Then the old moon looked out of her left eye,
And laughed when she thought of the fun,
For she knew that the moon-beam he sat on
Would soon melt away in the sun;

So she gave a slight shrug of her shoulder,
And winked at a bright little star—
The moon was remarkably knowing,
As old people always are.

"Great madam," then answered the fairy,
"No doubt you are mightily wise,
And know possibly more than another
Of the ins and the outs of the skies.
But to think that we don't in our own way
An interest in sky-things take,
Is a common and fatal blunder
That sometimes you great ones make.

"For I've looked up from under the heather,
And watched you night after night,
And marked your silent motion,
And the fall of your silvery light.
I have seen you grow larger and larger,
I have watched you fade away;
I have seen you turn pale as a snowdrop
At the sudden approach of day.

"So don't think for a moment, great madam,
Though a poor little body I be,
That I haven't my senses about me,
Or am going to drop into the sea.

I have had what you only could give me—
A pleasant night ride in the sky;
But a new power arises to eastward,
So, useless old lady, good-bye."

He whistled a low, sweet whistle,
And up from the earth so dark,
With its wings bespangled with dewdrops,
There bounded a merry lark,
He's mounted the tiny singer
And soared through the heavens away,
With his face all aglow in the morning,
And a song for the rising day.

F. G. Scott

THE PRODIGAL SON

A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said: How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called

thy son. But the father said to his servants: Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

St. Luke, XV. 11-25

FOUR SUNBEAMS

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,—
Not to seek our own pleasure all the day through,—
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam went in at an old cottage door,
And played hide and seek with a child on the floor,

Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate
so bright;
The little hands grasped in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a gleam of a sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest;
In fancy he roamed to the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labour and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale;
And it kissed the poor eyes that had never
known sight,
And that never should gaze on the beautiful
light,
Till angels should lift up the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we've filled to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

UNKNOWN

HASTE NOT, REST NOT

HASTE not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right—
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Haste not, rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not, rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

GOETHE

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them, all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to

bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep.

In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, already made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; and all was so neat and true, that it was a complete master-piece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up and begin betimes next day: but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand. Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for

four pairs more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her: "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs; and they set themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all amazement, and could

not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker: "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good office in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of trousers into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and, one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but

when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more: but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

J. AND W. GRIMM

INDIAN SUMMER

ALONG the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumacs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapped in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

R. L. Stevenson

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

Emerson

ALEXANDER'S FIRST VICTORY

One day a stranger brought the horse Bucephalus to Philip, King of Greece, offering to sell him for thirteen talents. When Philip's men went into the field to try him they found him so vicious and hard to manage, that the King ordered him to be sent away as useless. Young Alexander, who had been watching the horse, said to his father: "What an excellent horse do we lose for want of skill to manage him."

"Do you find fault with those that are older and wiser than you?" said his father. "Are you better able to manage horses than they?"

"Let me try him," said Alexander. "I can manage him better than the others have."

"And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?"

"I will pay the whole price of the horse."

Everyone laughed at this but, as soon as it was agreed, Alexander went to the horse

and taking the bridle turned him toward the sun. He had observed that the animal was frightened by the motions of his own shadow. He stroked and petted the horse for a time and then leaped lightly on his back. Little by little he drew in the bridle and guided him without harsh word or blow. Then he let him go at full speed, urging him with voice and heel.

Philip had been very anxious at first, but when he saw his son controlling the horse with such skill and ease he wept for joy and, kissing the boy as he came down from the horse, he said: "Oh, my son, look thee out a kingdom worthy of thyself, for this kingdom is too small for thee!"

"Plutarch's Lives"
(Adapted)

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

DAVID BATES

LIFE IN THE DESERT

The fierce sun blazed down upon the earth—beat down as it never does in Canada. As far as the eye could see from Mahmud's tent door the earth was bare and yellowish brown. No grass grew there, nor was there a river or creek for many, many miles. Far away were some hills, and they, too, were bare rocks.

The tent was pitched close by a spring of water which made a little pool. This spring moistened the earth so that a few date palms grew around it, and there was a little growth of grass. It was an oasis, a green spot in the barren desert. A man must travel for three or four days to find another tiny pool, half pond, half well. If he strayed out into the desert, the bare dry land which the heat of the sun had parched and cracked, he would die of thirst. No farmers lived there, no wheat was grown in that land, no cows or sheep were kept; yet people lived there, and thought their desert land the finest and most beautiful in the world.

Mahmud, the Arab, was one of these people. He was a chief, and the brown tents which stood in the oasis belonged to him; so did the camels which lay near by, moving their long necks and making strange gurgling noises; so did the swift horses, and the goats which wandered about. Most of the animals were cropping the grass, but

the two or three horses were in the tents with the people; for they were much loved by their owners and, being kindly treated, were very gentle.

As the heat of the sun grew less and evening came on, Mahmud came out of his tent and sat down on the ground, looking sometimes at the grass of the little oasis, sometimes at the hills. The grass was almost all eaten up; the hills looked purple in the distance. Mahmud was thinking that to-morrow he must move to the next oasis to get pasture for the animals.

Ibrahim and Zaheyla, Mahmud's little son and daughter, came to the door of the tent. He was about eight years old, very dark and swarthy, with long black hair and dark eyes. He was dressed in a long cotton tunic or coat. She was a dark little girl with great black eyes, black hair, a straight nose, and full lips. She wore a brown cotton dress, loosely hanging down, reaching nearly to her ankles. On her head was a white fringed handkerchief which served her

for a veil. Gilded bracelets and anklets rattled on her arms and ankles. The children did not run to their father, or try to play with him, for Mahmud was a stern, grave man. They played quietly a little distance off, and thought how good it was that the coolness of the evening had come at last.

A servant came and told Mahmud that his meal was ready, and he went inside his tent. Two or three poles are needed to hold it up; over them is spread a thick cloth made of goat's hair. Inside, a cloth is hung dividing the tent into two rooms—one for the men, the other for the women and children. Mats and cushions are the only furniture.

Mahmud's meal was not such as we have in Canada. Although a tall, strong man, he ate very little meat. He had plenty of dates, some little cakes made from meal, and butter made from goat's milk. He drank camel's milk. His wife and children sat at a distance. When he had finished, they ate what was left; for the Arabs do not let their wives and children eat with them.

Very early next morning his servants took down his tents, packed them, and placed them on the camels. Mahmud was on his brown horse. On his head he wore a turban —a shawl rolled around so as to be a better protection against the sun than any hat. His loose coat was tied at the waist with a girdle, and a robe was hung over his shoulders; his trousers were wide, and as he sat in his saddle he thrust his feet deep into great heavy stirrups. A long, old-fashioned gun was slung across his back; a great spear was in his right hand, its butt resting on his stirrup; a sword and pistols were at his girdle. His men servants were armed similarly.

The children and their mother travelled on camels. The great beasts kneel down to receive their loads, then rise and walk or trot with a strange swinging gait, which makes people who are not used to it dizzy and ill. But Zaheyla had been travelling always on a camel, and would have been frightened if placed in a wagon or train.

The long line of camels marched away from the oasis. Soon the sun rose and beat down upon them fiercely. The children nearly fell asleep as the silent march kept up hour after hour. At noon Mahmud dismounted, and stuck his spear upright in the ground. The camels halted, the tents were put up, and the people drank a little water from the leather bags which the camels were carrying. This water was warm and none too sweet, but Arabs do not mind that. There, all rested till the cool of the evening, when, after a meal of dates and bread, they loaded the camels and marched on till late at night, when they camped again. For four days they travelled thus. They did not go through the hills, for Mahmud feared that robbers might be hidden there.

Early on the fourth day they saw other travellers afar off. Canadian boys and girls, unless they have lived on the open prairie, would have seen nothing: but Ibrahim and his sister saw the little black dots, and knew which were horses and which camels;

for life in the desert sharpens the eyes wonderfully. Mahmud sent a servant galloping on a swift horse to see who the strangers were, and whether they were friends or foes. As the servant approached the caravan he made a certain motion with his arm, and Mahmud knew they were friends. It was the caravan of a sheik, or chief, who traded in cloth, shawls, mats, spices, and other goods.

In the evening both caravans arrived at the oasis and camped on opposite sides of the little grove of palms. Mahmud and Hassan, the sheik, met and greeted each other. Mahmud took the hand of the chief, pressed it to his lips and forehead, and said: "Peace be with you." Hassan was equally polite, and they complimented each other a great deal before they began to trade. Mahmud wanted some cloth, shoes, and gunpowder, and for these he gave in return some dates from the trees he had left, some salt, and the skins of wild beasts which his servants had killed.

In the morning the big caravan marched away, but Mahmud and his people remained in the oasis. There they will live till it is time to move again. They have no other home than these tents. They never build houses, cannot farm, and would not if they could. Ibrahim and Zaheyla play in the oases, travel over the desert, grow up to be man and woman, and live in the desert all their lives.

C. FREDERICK HAMILTON

THE UNION JACK

THE Union Jack is a combination of the banners of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, and indicates the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The banner of St. George is a vertical red cross upon a white ground, the banner of St. Andrew a diagonal white cross upon a blue ground, and the banner of St. Patrick a diagonal red cross upon a white ground.

In forming the Union Jack, the red cross of St. George is placed upon the white cross of St. Andrew and the red cross of St. Patrick, because England is the senior member of the United Kingdom.

When the Union Jack floats on the breeze the broad white of the cross of St. Andrew appears above in the upper corner, next to the staff. When the position of this cross is reversed, the flag becomes a signal of distress.

The Union Jack is the emblem of British rule. It recalls the great deeds done in war and peace to make our country strong and keep it free. Its colours remind us of virtues on which our Empire rests—red signifying bravery; white, purity; and blue, truth.

GREAT race, whose empire of splendour
Has dazzled the wondering world!
May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domains
Be long to all winds unfurled!
Three crosses in concord blended,
The banner of Britain's might!

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf,—
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drew out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all! and to all a good night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE

JACKANAPES

It was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gypsy's son riding the Gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned

the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The Gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, and swing us all on the gibbet, you rascal?" screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoa-nut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony as he had stuck to the hobby-horse; but, oh, how different the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried: "Lollo!" Round went the pony so unceremoniously that, with as little cere-

mony, Jackanapes clung to his neck; and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gypsy father, smoking a dirty pipe.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the Gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again. That very afternoon he and Tony

rode the two donkeys; and Tony managed to get thrown, and even Jackanapes' donkey kicked. But it was jolting, clumsy work after the elastic swiftness and the dainty mischief of the red-haired pony.

A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She was a good deal agitated as she told him that his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behaviour during the visit.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes. Thank God I can tell your grandfather that. An obedient boy, an honourable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are—in short, you are a *boy*, Jackanapes. And I hope," added Miss Jessamine, desperate with the result of experience, "that the General knows that 'boys will be boys.'"

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, to look over his catechism, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep that hair of

his smooth ("It's the wind that blows it, Aunty," said Jackanapes.—"I'll send by the coach for some bear's-grease," said Miss Jessamine, tying a knot in her pocket-handkerchief,)—not to burst in at the parlour-door, not to talk at the top of his voice, not to crumple his Sunday frill, and to sit quite quiet during the sermon, to be sure to say "sir" to the General, to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat, and to bring his lesson books to his aunt at once that she might iron down the dogs'-ears. The General arrived; and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes' hair was as wild as usual, for the hair-dresser had no bear's-grease left. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidently with him, as he did with the Postman. All that the General felt, it would take too long to tell; but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"Mons'ous pretty place, this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green,

where the grass was vivid with sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in his one of the two Chippendale arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his left eye (the other was glass).

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"It's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling Aunty gave me, and elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the Postman,—*sir!*" added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And now I suppose you've not a penny in your pocket?" cried the General.

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes. "Two pennies. They are saving up." And Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at Fair times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his mop.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen and—what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless my soul! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The Gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh,

he is beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No-o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did! Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock-coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the

first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson; glad you mentioned it."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather, and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group, which so aroused the innocent curiosity of Mrs. Johnson, as she saw it from one of her upper windows, that she and the children took their early promenade rather earlier than usual. The General talked to the Gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered

up the reins when the Gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman"—

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes; and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes' hat. His golden hair flew out, an aureole from which his cheeks shone red and distended with trumpeting. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, the hens, and the whole family of Johnson. Lucy clung to her mamma, Jane saved Emily by the gathers of her gown, and Tony saved himself by a somersault.

The Gray Goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gypsy. "You were born to the saddle.

You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light caressing hand; all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that dirty fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

The two were sitting in the window again, in the Chippendale arm-chairs, the General devouring every line of his grandson's face, with strange spasms crossing his own.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes?"

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the General himself, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily: "The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier, too."

"So you shall, my boy; so you shall."

"Thank you, Grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think my father knew the Gypsy's secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East, who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little, too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "Before you came I was frightened. I'd no notion you were so nice."

"Love me always, boy, whatever I do or leave undone. And—God help me!—whatever you do or leave undone, I'll love you. There shall never be a cloud between us for a day; no, sir, not for an hour."

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

NOVEMBER

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling;
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over
The boughs will get new leaves;
The quail will come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossoms
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
The winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

ALICE CARY

A LITTLE neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

THE LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD
for ever.

PSALM XXIII.

HECTOR AND AJAX

So Ajax put on his armour. And when he had finished, he went forward, as dreadful to look at as the god of war himself, and there was a smile on his face, but it was not the smile that other men like to see. Taking great strides he went, and he shook his great spear. And when the Trojans saw him their knees trembled beneath them, and even the great Hector felt his heart beat

more quickly than before. But he showed no fear, and stood firmly in his place, for he had himself challenged his adversary.

So Ajax came near, holding his great shield before him, as it might be a wall. There was no such shield in all the army of the Greeks. It had seven folds of bull's-hide, and one fold, the eighth, of bronze. Then Ajax spoke in a loud voice: "Come near, Hector, that you may see what men we have among us, we Greeks, though the great Achilles is not here, but sits idle in his tent."

Hector answered: "Do not speak to me, great Ajax, as though I were a woman or a child, and knew nothing of war. I know all the arts of battle, to turn my shield this way and that to meet the spear of the enemy, and to drive my chariot through the crowds of men and horses, and to fight hand to hand. But come, let us fight openly, face to face, as honest men should do."

And as he spoke he threw his great spear at Ajax. Through six folds of bull's-hide it

passed, but the seventh stopped it, for all that it was so strongly thrown. It was no easy thing to pierce the great shield with its seven folds. But when Ajax, in his turn, threw his spear at Hector, it passed through his shield, and through the armour that covered his body, and through the garment that was under the armour. It went near to killing him, but Hector bent his body away, and so saved himself. Then each took a fresh spear, and they ran together as fiercely as lions or wild boars. Again did Hector drive his spear against the great shield, and again did he drive it in vain, for the spear point was bent back. But Ajax, making a great leap from the ground, pierced Hector's shield with his spear, and pushed him back from the place where he stood, and the spear point grazed his neck, so that the blood spurted out. Then Hector caught up a great stone that lay upon the ground and threw it. And yet once more the great shield stayed him, nor could he break it through, and the great

stone dropped upon the ground. But the stone which Ajax threw was heavier by far, and it broke Hector's shield and bore him to the ground, so that he lay on his back upon the ground, with the broken shield over him. Truly it had fared ill with him but that Apollo raised him up and set him on his feet. Then the two warriors drew their swords, but before they could get close together, the two heralds came up and thrust their staves between them. And the Trojan herald said: "It is enough, my sons; fight no more; you are great warriors both of you, and Zeus loves you both. But now the night is at hand, and bids you cease, and you will do well to obey."

Then said Ajax: "Yes, herald; but it is for Hector to speak, for he began this matter, challenging the bravest of the Greeks to fight with him. And what he wills, that I will also."

Hector said: "The herald speaks well. Verily the gods have given you, O Ajax, stature and strength and skill. There is no

better warrior among the Greeks. Let us cease then from fighting; haply we may meet again another day, and the gods may give the victory to you or to me. But now let us give gifts to each other, so that the Trojans and Greeks may say, 'Hector and Ajax met in battle, but parted in friendship.'"

CHURCH: "The Iliad for Boys and Girls."

TWO SURPRISES

A WORKMAN plied his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down;
The German king with his cavalcade
Was coming into town.

The king stopped short when he saw the man—
"My worthy friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide,
When the labourer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said,
"And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain
in a day?"
"Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And canst thou live on this meagre pay?"
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good
friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend and two to spend
For those who can't labour, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the king. Said the
toiler: "Yea,
To my mother, with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"
"To my three boys at school. You see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch
said.
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and
bread,
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up in the good king's eyes—
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee.

"I am thy king; give me thy hand"—
And he heaped it high with gold—
"When more thou needest, I command
That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say,
That eight souls he doth keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."

ANONYMOUS

THE habit of reading is the only enjoyment I know in which there is no alloy. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will be there to support you when all other resources are gone. It will be present to you when the energies of your body have fallen away from you. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

HOW THE GREEKS TOOK TROY.

Now Paris, son to Priam King of Troy, had carried away to his father's city, Helen, wife to Menelaus King of Sparta, the fairest woman in all Greece. Whereupon the chiefs of the Greeks banded themselves together to avenge the wrong done to Menelaus. Having gathered a mighty fleet at Aulis, they sailed across the Ægean Sea and laid siege to Troy. But the Trojans, issuing forth on

the plain before their city, gave battle to their enemies and fought for their city so valiantly that for ten years the Greeks besieged it in vain.

So, when fighting could not win the city, the Greeks saw that they must gain their end by craft. And taking counsel with Ulysses, the wiliest of them all, they devised a cunning plan. They built a huge wooden horse and spread abroad a rumour that it was an offering to Minerva for their safe return. In its hollow sides they hid the bravest of their warriors and, breaking up their camp and launching their ships, they sailed away as if returning home. Not far off lay the island of Tenedos and, hiding there the Greeks bided their time.

Meanwhile the Trojans rejoicing that their long troubles were at an end, went forth in multitudes from the city gates to see their enemies' camp, and wondered much to behold the wooden horse. Now, whilst they were doubting as to what they should do with this, there appeared among them a certain

Greek named Sinon, left behind for that very purpose. His hands were bound and he was besmeared with blood and filth. With bitter cries he lamented his fate and prayed for pity. "For," said he, "the Greeks chose me as a victim to sacrifice to the gods for their safe return. But I escaped out of their hands and hid myself all night in the sedge. And now my countrymen are sailed away and never again shall I see my father-land and the children whom I love."

Then the Trojans bade him to be of good cheer and to tell them what this monstrous horse might mean. And Sinon, as the crafty Ulysses had instructed him, answered how that the horse was a peace-offering to Minerva, and how the Greeks had made it thus huge, lest perchance the Trojans might drag it through their gates and bring a blessing upon the city.

Thereupon the Trojans cried with one voice that the sacred offering of Minerva must be drawn within the city walls. So they made a great breach in the walls, and

put rollers under the monster, and fastened ropes about it, and with hymns and dancing they drew it into the heart of the city.

But now when night drew on and darkness fell upon the sleeping Troy, the Grecian fleet stole silently back to the familiar landing place. Suddenly the signal flame shot forth and the treacherous Sinon unbarred the wooden horse. Ulysses and his fellow chieftains glided out into the silent streets. The guards slain, the gates were thrown open, the city was presently in flames, and Troy, that had defended herself for ten years against the powers of her enemies, fell in a single night before their craft. UNKNOWN

IF men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

M. H. COBB

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

LONGFELLOW

MY son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the LORD, and find the knowledge of God. For the LORD giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

PROVERBS, II.

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy Presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE